

THE OREAD,

OF

MOUNT CARROLL SEMINARY.

VOL. II.

MOUNT CARROLL, CARROLL COUNTY, ILLINOIS, MARCH, 1870.

NO. 3.

THE OREAD.

MOUNT CARROLL, ILLINOIS, - - - MARCH, 1870.

"WITH the opening of the New Year, we issue the first number of THE OREAD. It will be a sheet of sixteen pages, published monthly, under the direction of the members of the Oread Society, and its columns will be open to contributions not only from the present class of students, but from such of the former pupils as may choose to communicate with us. While our prominent design is the intellectual improvement of the pupils, our aim shall also be to furnish profitable and entertaining reading matter for all.

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UNREST.

BY LIBBIE LUNT HALL.

Wandering and weary, full of despair,
O! that some angel might lighten my care!
Leave, for a moment, its heavenly crown,
Bow the bright heavens, and kindly come down;
Comfort my heart with one whisper of peace,
Bid its wild tumult in mercy to cease;
Save me, oh! save me from doubt's troubled fears,
Too deep for complaining, too bitter for tears.
Lord, I am weary, oh! send to my soul
Light that shall guide to a happier goal.
Pity my misery, pardon my sin,
Safe in thy presence, O, let me come in.

223 Chestnut street, St. Louis.

"LITTLE CHILDREN, KEEP YOURSELVES FROM IDOLS."

How many worship at earthly shrines! giving youth, strength, all to the world: worshipping earthly idols. God has forbidden this. The Almighty receives no divided worship. What desolation, ruin and waste may be seen daily from earthly idolatry. Have you never seen an almost frantic mother weeping over the tiny, white-robed, lifeless form of her only child, her idol? Did she forget that it was only a diamond sent to sparkle on earth for a time, then to be reset in the Savior's crown, there to glitter

through an endless eternity? Alas! fond mother, keep yourself from idols. God takes them.

Life is one scene of deceitful worship; the things to which to-day we offer homage, to-morrow are human, and, like humans, erring, and fail us. Who of us can say that our lives have not been partial failures, and that nothing is true but heaven? Earthly idols are, alas, so fleeting, nothing but castles in the air, falling and crushing our brightest day-dreams, blasting our most sanguine expectations. "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." Childhood, youth, middle and old age, all have their idols. Fond, innocent childhood, God will care for you. Let the mother, at the twilight hour, when the weary head seeks the pillow, teach you that Christ blessed little ones, and it is for you to love him. Youth, all before you is beautiful, the future teems with glorious victories you will achieve. Thank God daily that the veil of the future is not lifted to your gaze. A grave may be there, and with pale, horror-stricken face, you will say,

"Backward, turn backward, oh! Time, in thy flight;
Make me a child again."

Earth would then have for you no idols! God would secure the homage of your young life. Oh! fond and intoxicating youth, how dazzling and gorgeous life seems: but seek not pleasure here. "Keep yourselves from idols."

Maidens, you are gay, laughing and careless; life's path to you seems beautiful, but are you happy? Are there not times, when you are alone, and thought sits supreme on the throne, that there are longings for something higher, more noble and better than the life now lead can give? Is there not in the heart a "vague unrest," and does not conscience whisper, "Your idols are earthly, your day-dreams are vanishing, your castles are crumbling?" Oh! young maiden, "Keep your heart from idols."

Middle age, you are settled in life, your fortune is made, your hands lie idle, but is the mind at rest? Is the heart quiet? Is there not something in your nature that is not satisfied? Take your Bible and read God's commandments, and obey them; lay up your treasures in heaven: love God, and you will live in peace, knowing that, when the last "great day" comes, your idol will not be perishable, but will live on through ages untold.

Old man, whose brow is furrowed, whose hair is like the snows of the northland, whose step is faltering, have you forgotten God? Have you, these three-score and ten years of your life, worshiped earth's idols? Have you no haven of rest i view when your frail bark shall have touched the other shore of the dark river? Already the waves break over the bow, the oars in your feeble hands are powerless. Look to Christ; He will take, even now, the last hours of a misspent life, and land you safe in heaven. "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." A. L. PARSHALL.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

SOPHIE E. SHIRK.

For the Oread.

"I have a pleasant little surprise for you, Tom," said Aunt Emily; "your cousin, Louise Linden, expects to be here to-night." The individual to whom she spoke was busily engaged in cleaning the barrel of his rifle, but as she spoke he looked at her, gave a low whistle, and said: "The deuce she is; and who's Louise Linden? To tell the truth, Aunt Em., I never can come here just to have a pleasant little time with you, but you go, to my especial discomfort, and invite some of my red-haired cousins whom I never care or want to see."

Good-natured Aunt Em. looked at Tom in surprise and astonishment. "Thomas Portland! What am I to think of you! To speak so disrespectfully of all your relatives, and particularly of your dear Cousin Louise, who is just the finest young lady in Boston. Go up stairs now, and fix yourself; you haven't much time to lose, for Louise will soon be here."

"Indeed, Aunt Em., if you think I'll do that, you mistake, for if Miss Louise Linden don't like my present looks, she may leave it alone I am going into the next field; will be back in time for tea." Accordingly, he threw his gun over his shoulder, whistled to his dog Ponto, which came bounding to his side ready for the chase, and started out of the little white gate. "Too bad," said Tom, to himself, "just as a person was going to have a good time one of those little coquettish city girls has come here, who'll always be bothering a fellow to take her boating or horseback riding, getting him into all the trouble imaginable," and handsome Tom Portland's face was actually clouded with vexation.

"Always be calling me cousin, too, I suppose, but she don't need to mind that, for, Tom Portland, you don't know any more about this little imp than did Abijah Beanpole about his second wife, and you *shall not* be troubled with her. If she came to enjoy herself, let her do so, the same as if you weren't here."

With this, Tom seemed well satisfied, and was quickening his pace, when his attention was arrested by a familiar sound overhead. He looked up, took aim, fired, and one of the wild geese fell to the ground. Ponto, ever watchful, sprang forward, and while we leave them rejoicing over the game, let us return to Aunt Emily, whom we left in the kitchen, preparing some nice rolls for the evening meal.

After Tom's abrupt departure, she soliloquized thus: "What a bad humor Tom is in this evening. He is generally so good natured, but I think his walk will restore his good feelings; and Aunt Emily worked more dextrously than ever. Let me see; the stage will be here at six, and it's now a quarter to that time. I wonder why Owen don't come. There he is now away down in the meadow, and—yes, here's the stage!"

It stopped, and a lady alighted Aunt Emily stood ready to receive her darling, and give her a motherly kiss. "Oh Auntie! I'm so glad to see your dear face again, and the old place, it's so natural. How is Uncle Owen?"

"He's well, dear, and just as busy as ever. Come right up stairs now—that tiresome stagecoach—you look so worn out—will go down stairs now, and will not call you until tea is all ready."

Louise divested herself of her warm traveling dress and donned a lighter and more becoming one; she gathered her luxuriant brown hair into a graceful coil, and fastened in it a dark red rose taken from the little vase on her dressing bureau. Her

toilet completed, Louise Linden looked lovely indeed. She was above the medium height, slender and graceful, her eyes were hazel and fringed with long dark lashes, her teeth were white and regular; but her beauty was not wholly confined to her features: she possessed a mind capable of clear judgment, she was well educated, and being in constant contact with the world, she had gained a pretty correct idea of its inhabitants. Her parents were over-indulgent, and she was brought up in ease and comfort, but she grew tired sometimes of this life and would pine for some out-of-the-way place where she might find enjoyment unmolested; so she determined to visit Aunt Emily whom she had not seen for several years. Here she would rest.

Aunt Emily soon came for Lou—she went down and received Uncle Owen's hearty welcome. Tom too had returned, and came in just as they were sitting down, when Aunt Em. spoke, "Tom Portland, your cousin, Louise Linden;" no such words as "I am happy to meet you" did he speak, only "Miss Linden," and took his accustomed place by Uncle Owen at the table. Lou looked at him in surprise. The presence of such an individual was unexpected, but she immediately directed her attention to the inquiries of Uncle Owen.

"I am glad you have come, Louise. You see, if we farmers do have to work hard, we enjoy seeing some one who does not." And he passed her a plate well filled with Aunt Em.'s good supper. Lou laughed pleasantly. "Yes; I'm tired of doing nothing, and now I'm determined to make myself useful."

Tom joined but little in the conversation during the evening, and Lou being quite weary, retired early, as did all the rest of family. Lou occupied the room directly over that of her Uncle and Aunt. The night was calm and clear, and throwing a light shawl around her, she sat down by the open window to enjoy the scene. "What a lovely night," she thought, "and how quiet it is here,—how I shall enjoy myself the few weeks I remain. Aunt Emily's so motherly and Uncle Owen so kind. I wonder who that gentleman is; how strangely he acts. Aunt Em. said he was my cousin, and his name Tom Portland, I think. Here her attention was attracted by hearing Aunt Em. speak his name. She did not mean to play eaves dropper, but could not help hearing, as she was saying, "Tom's such a queer boy. Do you know, Owen, he didn't like it at all about Louise's coming. Poor fellow; he is prejudiced against woman ever since he was rejected by that little flirt, Eva Moore. That was about four years ago, when he was twenty-one, while Eva was older and engaged to the man she afterward married—too bad! he has no faith in woman, yet Tom would make a good husband or somebody." Lou heard and remembered every word. "Oh! this is the case, Mr. Portland! What a life of devoted selfishness you must lead, to be sure! but give yourself no trouble, for Louise Linden has no idea of interfering. Perhaps he needs sympathy, though, for it is said that a first love murdered is the fiercest pang a human heart can feel." Lou slept soundly all night. Tom thought at first he wouldn't take the trouble to look much at the visitor; but he did, and found to his surprise, his mistake. "Really," he thought, "she is no ordinary woman; looks quite sensible, and don't think will interfere much with my future plans."

Lou heard Aunt Emily moving softly around, the next morning. This was early rising, indeed; she did not remember when he had risen so early, and making a hasty yet neat toilet, she hurried down stairs. "Good morning, Auntie Rogers." She

looked up with pleasant surprise. "What! up so soon, my dear; you're an early bird." "Not near so early as you, Auntie, and you know I want to help you." She went cheerfully to work, arranging the table and doing many useful things; went out to call Uncle Owen, and on her way back, stopped to pluck some of the roses she loved so well, that grew by the path. Tom caught sight of a pair of boots and ruffled sun bonnet. "Really," thought he, "that's marvellous! *that* woman has kept her word."

Soon after they had breakfasted, Tom again started off across the fields, and Lou helped Aunt Em. do her morning work, chattering pleasantly all the while. Under their hands a delicious dinner was prepared, Lou adding something here and there of which Aunt Em. would not have thought, for she had excellent taste, not if much experience. Many days passed, and still Tom and Lou made no progress towards becoming friends. They were both extremely polite, especially Lou.

One evening she strayed down to the stream which wended its way through her Uncle's meadow. She was very fond of rowing, and managed the little boat, "Anna," nicely. An hour passed quickly, and concluding to return, she pushed toward the shore. Looking up, she saw Tom Portland coming directly toward her. How provokingly handsome he looked, with his cap tipped back just a little. He was carrying a long fishing pole, and whistling a slow tune.

All this Lou noticed at a single glance, as she was about tying the boat, when he came to her side and said, "Miss Linden, allow me to assist you."

"Certainly," she said, "although you should give yourself no inconvenience, for the boat is easily fastened."

"Have you enjoyed your ride?" he said, not deigning to notice her reply.

"I have, indeed. Boating is, to me, the most pleasant pass time, and then, this is such a lovely place, any one that enjoys solitude can find that enjoyment here."

"Then you enjoy solitude?" ventured Tom.

"Indeed, I must admit that I do." And Lou looked mischievous. "You haven't been quite successful to-day, have you? "Very unlucky, the fishes weren't inclined to bite as they were yesterday."

As they came in the gate, Aunt Emma thought, "Well, that looks more like friendliness than anything I've seen. I cannot see why they remain so distant, but think it is really Lou's fault." This was pretty nearly true. Every advancement made by Tom was rejected by Lou. She manifested no pleasure at his little kindnesses, and evinced no pain at his intended slight. She was ever amiable and social, yet never directing any particular part of a conversation towards him; and sometimes, feeling himself slighted, he would leave the sitting-room early on the plea of writing or reading to do. When he did this, he generally had the pleasure of hearing Uncle Owen and Lou engaged in pleasant conversation over a game of checkers, or singing some song accompanied by the guitar.

He used many arguments to make himself believe all this did not matter to him, but he found it a hard task. The feelings he now entertained for Lou, were very different from the first. He imagined he detested all women, but she was so different from the generality of them, so averse to everything he thought unbecoming in a perfect lady, that he found nothing in her to dislike. He fully appreciated the superiority of her mind, and not failing to admire, how could he fail to love? The question startled him. It was something of which he thought himself incapable. With Lou it was different. She was unconscious of acting against her better nature, or she

might at least have addressed him as "Cousin," but her proud spirit was stung whenever she thought of that little conversation which she had overheard, and she gave him no chance to see how sociable and pleasant she could be, but she felt he knew it, for she noticed he watched her closely. She would go home in a few days and forget that such a person as Tom Portland ever existed. Two days before she intended starting for home, Tom Portland surprised her by a sudden proposal. It was a hard trial for him, but he knew he loved Lou, and thought she loved him; still, poor Tom was again destined to sad disappointment, for he met with a flat refusal. Lou would have been glad to start home the next day, but the stage did not pass, so she was compelled to stay. Tom was wretched, of course, and she hadn't seen him since breakfast, but she thought she would take a last ride on her favorite horse before leaving. She was soon mounted and rode away, not caring much where, for she was utterly miserable, and wished herself far away.

She was thinking how unpleasant had this visit been towards the last, when her horse took sudden fright, gave a leap, Lou lost the rein and almost her balance, but she clung to his mane with frantic despair,—she was lost! A sudden turn in the road near her Uncle's house, and a few rods ahead, stood Tom Portland. "Save me! save me!" she wildly cried,—her horse dashed on, but so suddenly was he made to halt, that he reared backwards, and Louise Linden slipped from the saddle uninjured. She looked at her noble preserver, a sudden paleness overspread his face and he sank to the ground,—she knelt beside him. "Oh, he is killed! and all for me. Poor Tom! and I loved you so."

"Do you, indeed, Lou? then why didn't you tell me so last night?" And Tom actually opened his eyes. Lou stood back, frightened and trembling. "What had she done?"

"Come, Lou, you must help me home; you know it was all for you. I think I can walk easier now."

She assisted him, without a word, and when he had lain down on the sofa, went and broke the news to Aunt Em., who was terribly frightened at her paleness. She hurried off Uncle Owen for the doctor, who lived two miles distant. He soon came, and while binding up Tom's broken arm, she went to her own room, for she could not see him suffer. She thought over everything that had transpired since her arrival at her aunt's; she saw how cruel and hard-hearted she had been. In the midst of all these thoughts Aunt Em. called her, saying, Tom wished to speak to her. She went down stairs and entered the room softly. Tom's face was a shade paler, but lighted with happiness.

"I called you," he said, "to have you repent what you said this morning, and also to tell you something."

"Do you feel able to converse?" Lou ventured.

"Oh yes! just sit down and listen."

Lou obeyed.

"Some years ago," Tom began.

"When you were twenty-one," Louie said, looking mischievous.

"Yes, twenty-one, I ——"

"Fell in love with Eva Moore," said Lou.

Tom looked at her in amazement. "Why, you provoking little witch, where did you hear that?"

"Well, Tom, no matter, but this with your hatred for women came near separating us for life."

"But now, Lou——" Well, we'll not tell what *was said*, but when Aunt Emily looked in through the door which stood slightly ajar, she was astonished to see the uninjured arm of Tom about Lou's waist, and they so earnestly engaged in conversation as not to notice her. When Uncle Owen came in, her countenance was beaming with smiles, and when he heard it all, he rubbed his hands gleefully, and exclaimed: "I knew it! A good match!"

When Louie returned to the city, 'twas not alone; and soon after there was a wedding, and Aunt Emily was invited, but not going, was not forgotten, for Lou's present to her was a "new brown silk." Of course, Lou and Tom lived happily—never forgetting the instance which made their lives one.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR OREADS:—After an agreeable sail of a few days in a large, palatial steamer, which leaves New York every four weeks for this port and Havana, one is anchored off the bar along side a yacht ready to take him up to the city of Nassau, New Providence, which is found to be a pleasant town of some eight or ten thousand inhabitants, about four-fifths black. These blacks are quite an orderly and civil class, possessing more than the average intelligence of that race, but at best, very poor and indolent, apparently satisfied with procuring subsistence from day to day, and trusting to the generosity of the benevolent in times of misfortune.

The town possesses very few natural advantages, save the climate, which is always mild and equable—the thermometer ranging from 65° to 75° during the winter, and from 75° to 90° in summer. Very few cold “Northerners,” as they are called, visit this place.

The island itself is land-locked by many small keys and adjacent islands. The inhabitants of those that are settled, live mostly by fishing, sponging and bringing in wrecks. They ship the products of their labor and enterprise to this place, and exchange them for such articles as are required.

The trade of this place is carried on mostly with New York and London, from which cities every thing consumed is imported. There are no manufactures here—no exports except fruit which in New York is subject to a duty of twenty-five per cent. ad valorem. Producers are compelled to sell in competition with growers in the states, hence, as a natural consequence, labor is not so well rewarded as among her more flourishing neighbors.

The geological formation is lime rock which projects above the soil nearly half the surface, and is nowhere very deeply hidden. It is very easily sawn into blocks of any required dimensions, and when exposed to the sun, acquires a hardened surface. It is used in the construction of buildings, and if plastered over, endures for a long time in this dry atmosphere.

The city is situated on the side of a rising eminence. The principal business street, near which are the Custom House, Post Office and Court buildings, extends along the bay, where wharves have been constructed for the accommodation of shipping interests.

In the rear of the city, on a high point of ground, the jail is located. It is a fine edifice.

The Royal Victoria Hotel is another building put up at government expense of nearly £30,000, and is in every respect one of the best hotels in the Bahamas, or West Indies. It is kept by Messrs. Cleveland & Newell, gentlemen from New York. They are gentlemen of experience, and they are desirous of rendering every attention to those whom they may have the good fortune to entertain. There are at present about forty guests, which considering this as their first season is encouraging. They have recently, I understand, procured a ten years' lease of the house. I hope they may have deserved success, for they have furnished a fine retreat for the invalid.

The mail is taken once in four weeks to New York for distribution. Though so apparently cut off from the outer world, one is not wholly alone, for beautiful flowers bloom the year round, and can be procured in abundance in January or February. Though not possessing the power of speech, they are yet visible tokens of Divine presence, and when rightly appreciated do familiarize us with a language too eloquent for utterance.

All the tropical fruits—oranges, bananas, pine-apples, lemons, sapodillas, shaddocks and others in endless varieties also grow. Nature has in this respect been lavish in her gifts. In the midst of such plenty surely one is not entirely isolated.

There are many other topics which I might advert to, but I fear to trespass on the space and good patience of the kind readers of THE OREAD.

NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE,
March 7, 1870.

E. C. G.

DEAR OREADS:—Permit a subscriber to your excellent and interesting paper to give through its columns a few of the impressions made upon him by the exercises of the Musical and Literary Entertainment given by the ladies of the Oread Society, at the Seminary on Friday evening, February 25th.

I arrived at the hall a little late, but just in time to hear and enjoy the Glee, “Star of Descending Night,” so admirably sung by the vocal class. Then came the “Wreck of the Hesperus,” recited by Miss Clara White. I was lost to the style of recitation in the deep interest excited by the piece itself.

That noble father and sailor frozen to his tiller, and his dear little dead daughter tossing on the cold waves, lashed to a fragment of the mast, are pictures which have haunted me ever since. Miss Clara must be well versed in oratory to have moved me so.

The instrumental solo by Miss Annie Taggart, and the song by Miss Mary E. Webb were well-executed; but I thought the young ladies did not quite do themselves full justice, owing to a little trepidation, which was not at all to their discredit.

The “Yankee Girl's Reply to a New Yorker,” was particularly pleasing to me, a born Yankee who believes in Yankee girls and in what they say. Mrs. Prout read the piece well. Perhaps a little more animation in some of the more humorous passages would have been an improvement.

The recitation by Miss Mary Liehty, the essay by Miss Ella M. Smith, and the address by Rev. C. K. Colver, were not ill-timed in view of the fact that the entertainment was designed, in part, as a celebration of Washington's birthday. They were all good. The essay was particularly fine and well delivered; while the address was almost a model for that style of composition, though somewhat marred in the delivery by what seemed to be the efforts of Mr. Colver to eliminate certain portions already treated in Miss Smith's excellent essay.

The charming instrumental duet so charmingly played by Misses Spaulding and Hubbell, was a rich treat to the lovers of music present; and the singing of Miss Dearborne was perfection itself.

I must not omit to mention in this connection, the very superior advantages for instruction in vocal and instrumental music enjoyed by the pupils at the Seminary. The qualifications and thoroughness of the teachers in that department are unsurpassed.

The exercises concluded by a very interesting and entertaining exhibition by the class in gymnastics, under the direction of Miss Spaulding, not the least interesting part of which was the grace and perfection exhibited by Miss Spaulding herself. The system is that of Dr. Dio Lewis, which comprises a wonderful variety of movements calling into action every muscle of the body.

Miss Grose, President of the Society, presided over the exercises with an ease, grace and dignity worthy to be imitated by all occupying similar positions.

The entertainment was a complete success, and highly enjoyed by the large audience present.

May I not hope that the ladies of the Oread Society will soon and often furnish us with other similar occasions of delight.

C. B. S.

FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

Any person wanting something better than the policy of an insurance company should invest in a FIRE EXTINGUISHER. We can offer the kind advertised in our columns on similar terms to our offers on sewing machines, which is a bargain to any purchaser. Apply to Financial Manager.

RE-UNION SOCIETY

Will hold its next annual meeting June 9, 1870. Business at 10 A. M. Literary exercises at 2 P. M. Social gathering in the evening. For further particulars send for next number of THE OREAD.

VOICES FROM AFAR.

READ AT COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES BY MISS LOU FOOT, OF
OTTAWA, ILLINOIS.

Far away mid the vine-clad hills and verdant plains of sunny Greece, rises a mountain which in its majesty towers aloft higher and higher, until its snow-capped summit is lost in the mists and clouds of Heaven. Ancient Mythology tells us it is peopled with numerous gods, who in its caves and grottoes, hidden from mortal view, and far removed from the cares of life, spend their lives in an elysium of bliss; its cloud-capped summit being the portal through which they pass to Paradise. The clouds drifting asunder, glimpses of the beautiful land are caught by wondering mortals, but instantly the portal closes and all is doubt. So in the midst of human passions, and worldly greed for gain, comes imagination, transporting us into the boundless regions of space, until we are lost in the clouds woven about us by fancy. For a moment we catch glimpses of cloud-land, then its beauties are lost; but they often teach us lessons, which if treasured up will add much to the store-house of memory. Observe the ray of light that falls from yonder star upon our planet. From afar came the timid stranger; millions of miles has it traversed, and thousands of years has it been upon its journey; from system to system, from sun to sun, from planet to planet, by softly luminous moons, by swift fiery comets, through interminable space, on until it reaches the atmosphere of our own little world, thence transmitted by the ether it meets the eye of mortals, a tiny pencil of light. Man observes the ray; at first it seems beautiful, but when he thinks from whence it came, perhaps from some great sun that gives light to a vast system, of the millions of miles it has traversed in space, of the ages it has taken it to reach us, his thoughts are elevated, and his soul filled with the grandeur of the universe. And thus this simple star beam speaks a language that opens to him a vast volume of thought, grand, ennobling and infinitely sublime. His finite mind strives to grasp the infinite idea of space. Far sooner might he follow the eagle in his pathless flight to the sun, or number the sands on ocean's shore.

There is he taught his own insignificance as he thinks of the incomparable, all creating, all seeing One. The north wind comes to us a chill, icy breath from the Arctic regions. It tells of ice-bound seas, of a cold, frozen land devoid of living creatures, where reigns perpetual winter. It tells of a gorgeous sky with shifting forms and shapes, now like two contending armies clothed in flame and rushing into fierce conflict, then, changing to strange unearthly creatures that spectre-like glide through the sky. Forms vague, mysterious and horrible, wild, fierce-looking creatures, that hiss and groan and gnash their teeth, and with terrible gesture leap and spring; with long, fiery hair, and burning, madly-tossed arms that wave and beckon and threaten until the forms vanish in a sea of flame. Then there are *beautiful, shifting figures* of sheaves, cones, arches and columns that change rapidly from one regular form of beauty to another. A vast field for a vivid imagination—a land of fancy painted in

brilliant colors are these northern lights. There are great rivers of ice that wind through frozen, snow-covered lands, and huge icebergs that float down to the ocean carrying with them destruction and death to the marines that come within their range. So the great King of the Universe in sending forth his judgments on erring man often seems harsh and cold, but we find them blessings of which we never dreamed. The north wind too serves its purpose, by fitting us to feel the balmy summer breeze, which gently falls upon the brow like a soft kiss from loving lips. It breathes to us a sweet, dreamy story of a tropical clime, of sunny skies and luxuriant vegetation. A land of loveliness filled with the rarest and most beautiful of flowers that in this clime alone reach perfection. Flowers of every hue, form and perfume, from gorgeously-painted tulips to the pale, waxen lily of the valley, of every form from the stately magnolia to the small, star-like flower that lifts not its modest head from the bosom of its mother earth; some whose odor reaches us faint and pure as a slight recollection of a beautiful dream of heaven; others whose perfume fills the air with an intoxicating sweetness, and our natures with tender, dreamy feelings of the beauties and sentient pleasures of earth. There are groves of spice trees in whose branches birds of brilliant plumage flit and perch. Birds of Paradise are seen in these balmy groves, feeding upon the tender spice until drunken with its sweetness. Gaily-plumed parrots and wild, sweet songsters flit from tree to tree, adding life and beauty to this land of enchantment. Luscious and tempting fruits hang from every bough, beautiful to the eye and delicious to the taste. Palaces replete with eastern splendor are scattered over the land. Nature has been more than bountiful to the tropics; her beneficence is seen on every hand. The charming scenery, the luxury and splendor of the eastern land, present a picture gorgeous and enrapturing to man. For a time it is a delightful story, an enchanting dream, that fills the mind as the gentle summer wind breathes soft and warm. But the spell is broken when we think of the dreamy, indolent people who dwell amid all this loveliness, shiftless and barbarous, and oftentimes governed by naught save their own wild imaginations. Are we then to believe that they, while pressing the chalice of pleasure to their lips, quaff all the sweets life holds for them?

(To be Continued.)

STILL THEY COME.

Orders for Musical Instruments are the rage at present. Two more organs just purchased by our Financial Manager, speaks well for the confidence had in our ability to do what we promise in the purchase of instruments. One of these, a fine Prince Organ, is for an old student, Miss Mary Gallup. The other is of the celebrated Esty manufacture, and goes to a gentleman in Iowa, one who may be called a "close buyer;" had canvassed the market thoroughly; had very liberal offers from "disinterested agents," but finally came to the conclusion he could be more confident of receiving a good instrument, and at the most liberal terms, through our "Purchasing Bureau." Let all who want Pianos, Organs, Melodeons, Guitars or anything in the shape of a musical instrument, send on their orders and they will be promptly filled with the *best* of instruments, and the lowest possible figures.

OUR MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

Whatever adds to the cheerfulness of human life, or contributes to its happiness is a benefaction to the race. The education of the intellect, the cultivation of correct taste, the development of pure and noble character—in short, the soul's true sympathy with the beautiful and the good wherever these exist—are by no means feeblest among the tributaries to this benefaction.

Aside from the beneficence of Heaven, perhaps nothing adds a sweeter charm to the attractions of our domestic, social and religious lives than skillful and well-executed music. The world in all ages of its history, and Heaven, in all the splendors of its glory, have ever recognized its attractions and its power. In ancient Mythology, we are assured that when Orpheus struck his lyre, "the rivers ceased to flow, the savage beasts forgot their ferocity, and the lofty oaks bowed their heads and listened to his song." Another and more credible record teaches us that in the dawn of creation, "the morning stars sang together," and the godly seer of Patmos, in his enraptured vision of the eternal beatitudes of the sons of God, beheld them joining with angels in choral anthems of praise to the Most High, and to the Lamb, accompanied with sweet symphonies of harp and lyre.

It is not so much, perhaps, from a blind ambition to follow the behests of fashion, as from a wise appreciation of the refining, happyfying influence of music, that at the present day, so much attention is given in our institutions of learning—especially in the education of young ladies—to this department of instruction. It fully has music come to be regarded, in the popular mind, as one of the chief auxiliaries to render home cheerful and delightful, that no young lady is deemed possessed of an adequate education, or fitted to mingle in good society on equal terms, who has not become well accomplished in this department of cultivated art.

With a ready appreciation of the present and prospective wants of their patrons and pupils, the Principals of the Mount Carroll Seminary have devoted special attention to this branch of instruction until, step by step, it has grown into a distinct department, with a thorough and graded course of study and practice, on the completion of which, pupils are awarded a Musical Diploma. Probably there is not another institution west of Chicago where as good musical advantages are offered to pupils as here. Nine pianos and two organs are kept in almost constant use for daily practice, from early morning to a late retiring hour, besides the instruction which is also given on the guitar; and the number seeking to avail themselves of the musical facilities here afforded, grows rapidly larger, year by year.

The friends of the institution can point with pride to the many pupils who, in former years, have received a high-toned culture in this beautiful art. And yet the Institution was never so fully prepared to present to its patrons such superior advantages or liberal inducements, as at the present time. It is no disparagement of the excellent teachers of past years, to assert that in Miss Dearborn we have the most accomplished and competent vocalist who has ever given instruction in music in this city. The rapid improvement made by pupils under her charge, is of itself a sufficient commendation of her industry, qualifications and success. Combining unusual compass with remarkable sweetness of voice, delicate perceptions with artistic culture, and earnest enthusiasm with becoming modesty, she blends, both in personal and professional qualifications, those characteristics which eminently fit her to occupy a foremost position as an instructor in vocalization.

In the sub-department of Instrumental Music, mostly under the special supervision of Miss Hubbell, the friends of the Seminary have equal reason for congratulation. Thoroughly competent in natural and acquired qualifications, thorough in drill, and genial in disposition, she has not only won the hearts of her pupils, but has also inspired them with that patient, persevering industry, and severe self-discipline, without which no pupil can become an accomplished pianist.

Nor, may we omit to mention the name of Miss Spaulding, who, participating in the labors of this department, is entitled to share the honors of its success, and has won for herself a well-deserved and universal popularity in the school.

The prosperity and success of this entire department is apparent from the following exhibit: To the present time, in the current school year, the whole number of pupils in music is 110; to which, if we add the usual increase of the Spring Term, the total for the current school year will exceed 120. Of these, to the present time, 27 are also in vocal music, 12 of whom receive private instruction.

The sub-department of Instrumental Music, in which instruction is now being given, comprises four divisions: The piano, the guitar, the organ, and thorough base. Others will be added as the demand arises.

Several additional pupils are already "booked" for the coming term. It is the determination of the Principals to push this department to its highest point of attainment, and to achieve for it whatever expenditure of means and of painstaking can achieve. Having already distanced every competitor, they will not rest on laurels already won, but will continue to toil on, determined to keep fully abreast of the ever increasing wants of a progressive people.

Meanwhile, we would advise all who have daughters to whom they wish to furnish the very best advantages in music, on the most favorable terms, to correspond with the Principals, or to visit the Institution and see and hear for themselves. A few hours spent in examining its condition, or in looking over its beautiful surroundings, will be looked back upon in after years as a golden day in the calendar of life.

A PATRON.

PROMPTNESS.

The freight line on our Railroad is getting ahead of the express, much to our satisfaction. For example: Our Financial Manager made two orders by the *Monday noon* mail to Chicago, one for an organ, to come as freight, and the other for a quantity of canvas for the painting class, as they were in a *hurry* for it, was to come by *express*. The result: lo! Thursday morning following, bright and early, our faithful Adam, *not Adam, the first*, (he would be too aged to deliver freight so promptly,) but our faithful, honest Adam Craig, drives to the Seminary door with said organ. Thursday noon, some hours after Adam, the *Express* (?) drives to the same door with the canvas. There is another feature not altogether pleasing to the Oreads. Our OREAD paper, delivered monthly by the express, comes to us not unfrequently nearly denuded of its wrappings, and as a consequence, the paper much soiled and damaged. Nor is this an isolated case. To-day, even while we write this, a package is delivered by express, the contents of which are *seriously damaged*, indeed, nearly ruined. The exorbitant charges made by the express company can be borne only on the supposition of securing *safety* to the goods and *speed in the delivery*. As it is our experience, we fail in attaining these ends, what, sister Oreads, shall we do? But more anon—a word to the wise may be sufficient.

THE ENTERTAINMENT.—The entertainment given by the Oread Society, at the Seminary, last Friday evening, was a very pleasant affair. The programme, it was announced, had been arranged for Tuesday evening, the anniversary of Washington's birthday, but owing to the absence of one of the chief performers, it had to be postponed until Friday evening. The address by Rev. C. K. Colver, the essays by Miss Ella Smith and Mrs. Prout, and the recitation by Mary Lichty, were in memory of the birthday of Washington, and reflected credit upon those who delivered them. The vocal and instrumental music were both good. The gymnastic exercise at the close, conducted by Miss Spaulding, were interesting, and altogether the occasion was a very enjoyable one.—*Carroll County Mirror*.

FEMALE ENTERPRISE.

Had the compiler of "Noble Deeds of American Women" delayed its publication a few years, he would have had a beautiful illustration of such deeds in an educational enterprise of no ordinary character. In the month of May, 1853, two young women fresh from the Normal School at Albany, N. Y., thoroughly disciplined themselves, and ready for work in disciplining the minds of others, entered Mt. Carroll, Ill., a hilly and breezy village, then containing less than five hundred inhabitants, and prepared to open a school. No less than three times a similar enterprise had been commenced there, and these two Normal graduates were assured that if they started a school, theirs would be the fourth failure. They opened it in a "seven-by-nine" room, with only eleven pupils the first day; and it rained.

"Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

At the close of that first wet day, they were told that their undertaking was a failure; and they were thus consoled nearly every day during the first month. At the end of the term all prophecies had failed; they had forty pupils.

Once or twice during the first year or two, they changed their location, each time for a larger room. At length they bought land and put up a seminary building. Twice they have enlarged that building, and repeatedly they have added to their acres. To-day they live and teach in a three story brick structure, 120 feet long, standing on a twenty-four acre lot of their own, belted by an orange hedge, with large orchards and small vineyards, plum trees and pear trees, evergreens and deciduous plants, and rarities almost numberless in the fruit and floral line—in the enclosure. Such is the Eden-like place to which young ladies of studious habits and with literary aspirations, are invited—the Helicon of Carroll county. About 160 have been studying there since the commencement of the last term. A class of six graduated last June. The best talent is secured to assist in teaching, and the instruction in every department is thorough. All branches usually found in the curriculum of a Female Seminary of the higher order, are taught there. Music is one of the specialties, and splendid attainments are made in that demi-divine art. The light gymnastics are taught, and muscle as well as mind is developed. The consequence is that most of the pupils are healthy, strong and erect. A limited number have other exercise, being permitted to pay part of their expenses in work.

A Normal or teachers' department is connected with the Seminary, constituting one of its many attractive features. It has philosophical apparatus, a superb manikin, a large collection in ornithology, a good library, and 170 newspapers and periodicals in the reading room. Many of the magazines, etc., are obtained in exchange for THE OREAD, a monthly, published under the auspices of the Oread Society.

Frances A. Wood, now Mrs. Shimer, and Cindarella M. Gregory, the two enterprising Normal graduates, who, knowing "no such word as fail," started this institution of learning seventeen years ago, are still at its head. From the first rainy day Heaven has been propitious to their educational project. Combining the best executive talent with every other gift and qualification essential to success in such a noble undertaking, without a dollar of pecuniary aid from any source, except from patronage of the school, these two Christian women, strong-hearted as well as noble-minded, have built up one of the best institutions of the kind in the Great Valley.—*Chicago Observer*.

For The Oread.

It is with reluctance mingled with a due amount of pride that we bring before the public the following letters. They are but a few of the many arriving by every mail. The first we give is from Iceland:

NO. 1.

REKJAVIK, Sept. 1, 1868.

Editor of the Oread: As I was walking over the barren

hills to visit some of my little flock, I saw a strange bundle by the wayside, and, opening it, found it contained several copies of THE OREAD, together with a few articles of clothing. It had evidently been dropped by some traveler. The papers, which I distributed far and wide, caused far more excitement than a terrific eruption of Hecla would have done. We must have more of them. I send enough eider down for a bed, to pay for one year's subscription. Yours,

CHRISTIAN VLADSTADT.

NO. 2.

PATAGONIA, Aug. 24, 1869.

"Big Men" of the Oread:

I see one of your paper; me like much; me no give it away; me think your wigwam in the picture very good; me make one like it; me no have enough your paper; me want more.

PIG-GI-WA-NEE (Biggest Man).

NO. 3.

ATHENS, Greece, Sept. 14, 1869.

Wise Women of the Oread:

Our wise men were seven, but ye are many. We have heard the rumors of your success, but now that we behold your sheet, the half hath not been told us. Diana, though a goddess, would well be proud of you. You have thrown a heavy shadow on the renown of our philosophers, say the great men. Consider us permanent friends of the second band of "mountain nymphs," and of their beautiful paper, THE OREAD.

PLATO, ARISTOTLE, SOLOX.

NO. 4.

HOLLAND, Oct. 2, 1869.

Mishter Oread:

Mine prodder zent me von of your leetle bapers, mit vant some more, but I gott notings to give you. I vill zent you mine leetle poy, vot ish so vat ash ish rount, if you vill zent me your baper. If he no goot zent him pack.

HANS GOTTLIEB.

NO. 5.

SITKA, Russian America, Nov. 10, 1869.

Editresses of the Oread:

Your paper is more brilliant than the aurora borealis, and more to be desired than a dinner of tallow candles, or a drink of seal oil. I send a seal skin for my subscription.

EISENACH EISLEBEN.

NO. 6.

LONDON, Jan. 1, 1870.

Heditor of the Horead:

I ham much pleased with your efforts has publishers hand heditors. Hi 'ad the honor to present 'er Majesty with a copy of the Horead, hand she was much pleased, hand told Prince Halbert to go hand see you w'en 'e was hin Hameria. JOHNNY BULL.

MARRIED.

HENRY — WILSON — In Camanche, Iowa, on Thursday evening, February 17th, by the Rev. E. M. Miles, Mr. D. N. Henry, of Friendship, Ripley County, Ind., to Mrs. Libbie McClarkey Wilson, of Camanche, Iowa.

A long and happy life to Mr. and Mrs. Henry, is the heartfelt wish of the Oreads.

THE OREAD.

MOUNT CARROLL, ILLINOIS, . . . MARCH, 1870.

Editorial Committee for March:

PRISCILLA POLLOCK, Griggsville, Ill. EVA M. HERRICK, Geneva, Ill.

EMMA T. KRIDLER, Elkhorn, Ill.

EDITORIAL.

The days, weeks and months of our happy school life are passing but too quickly. Gladly would we stop old Father Time in his ceaseless flight, but our wishes are vain. His childhood days have long since passed, and he has no sympathy with the young, heeds not our pleadings to move less rapidly over the smooth and pleasant surface of youth. On, on he carries us like floating atoms on a restless sea, until, ere we are aware, the present duties, pleasures and associations are numbered with the things of the past. Yet, after the lapse of years, these pleasant moments of life will not be forgotten; for we will steal a march upon the relentless old man, and, in turn, heedless of his injunction to go forward turning neither to the right or left, we will, hand in hand with memory, retrace our steps and live over these happy hours.

However, by frequent retracing of the paths of the past, memory, too faithful far, proves unfriendly by bringing to mind not only the successive changes, uncertainties and unsatisfying pursuits through which we have passed, but those which are impressed upon all surrounding objects, until, with a feeling of pain and sadness slowly creeping over us, we drop the hand of memory and turn from her sighing, "What shadows we are, and what shadows pursue."

O relentless Time! art thou never weary of strewing thy path with wreck and dire dismay? Why art thou so determined in thy progress? What need of this haste? Why not linger and enjoy the pleasant paths of life? Once gone thou wilt never return.

The nights and days, winters and summers, bear us swiftly on, and not far in the distance we see the shores of the river, so calm and still, yet it shall swallow thee up forever. "In that fair land to which we go," no waning sun, no dying year shall mark the steps of Time. His triumphant reign is o'er, and fadeless noon and eternal spring proclaim eternity's power.

The melting away of the winter into the spring, strengthens our faith that we shall rise from the tomb, to new, endless joys. In nature we see life springing everywhere from death, and we feel that the transcendent miracle of nature is life. Whether considered as supporting the spiritual fabric of mind above, or as rooted in the inorganic world below, it is alike wonderful. Springing from etherial airs and yet invincible; constantly perishing, and abounding in earth, air and sea; forever conquered by death yet evermore triumphant—strongest and weakest of the things God has made, it must be, and is, carefully watched by its author, from the budding of its spring to the close of its little year.

"Mark how it snows! how fast the valley fills.
And the sweet groves the hoary garments wear;
Yet the warm sunbeams, bounding from the hills,
Shall melt the veil away, and the young green appear;
But when old age has on your temples shed
Her silver frost, there—no returning sun;
Swift flies our summer's sun, swift our autumn's fled,
When youth and love and spring and golden joys are gone."

EXPLANATION.

The subscription price of *The Oread* to students and patrons of the Mt. Carroll Seminary, remains the same as last year—\$1.25 per school year. It will be seen in another column that we offer "GREAT INDUCEMENTS" to "outsiders" to become subscribers, through the medium of a purchase. To every one purchasing an article worth \$1.25, it is in effect subscribing to *The Oread*, and receiving its price in a PREMIUM. The query arises, why not give the same liberal terms to the students and old patrons of the school. The simple reason is, *The Oread* belongs to the students. We, as its originators, are bound to sustain it. It costs money to publish it. Any one may know this money is not to be made from the terms we are offering to "outsiders," and with the premiums we give. Every patron of the school, of the present or past, has an interest in this matter, and we may add, a pride also. We want our paper not only sustained, but we want it handsomely sustained. We want it an organ of our Alma Mater, in which we may take a laudable pride.

To this end we wish as soon practicable, to have the mechanical execution of *The Oread* improved; have it on a better quality of paper with a new head, and may be a new form. We need more space for our reading matter, that we may give place to good selections and outside contributions, and thus afford more variety to our readers. Thus far, our paper has been made up almost entirely of matter prepared by the students. This is, of course, of interest and satisfactory to those who are, or have been in the past, connected with the school. While we would have no less of this matter of peculiar interest to the student, we propose to enlist other talent, and make a paper of more general interest to those in no way connected with or interested in it as a school paper. To accomplish these ends, every student must come promptly and liberally to the work; be willing to pay the subscription price, and use all possible influence to extend the circulation. We do not believe there is a student or patron of the Mt. Carroll Seminary who can, with ambition fired with these laudable aims, complain of being required to pay full subscription price for the organ of his or her Alma Mater.

THE PAINTING DEPARTMENT.

We have too long neglected to notice the improvement in this department. While the teachers furnished have been good, there has, much of the time, in the history of this school, been wanting an interest in this department, commensurate with its importance, and with that in music. During the last two years, under the administration of the accomplished teacher, M. Burt, its prosperity and popularity, have been constantly on the increase. While Miss Burt is a good artist and teacher for the position she occupies, she also brings to her work a zeal that inspires an enthusiasm in her class, and love for the work, and an increased admiration of the beautiful in nature and in arts. We have not time or space to enter into details, but simply say that students here, find facilities for improvement in painting, drawing, pastel crayoning, etc., etc., fully equal, if not superior to those found in any similar institution in the West. That this is known and appreciated by the public is evinced by the rapid increase in size of class, and the fact that several young ladies come to make painting a specialty. It is the aim of the principals to sustain the department in such a manner as to make it fully equal to that of music, which has so long excelled in popularity and merit.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

We are glad to report so favorably of our Missionary Society. The interest increases with each monthly meeting.

Miss Kimball's essay on Sweden was replete with interest, giving us a clear insight into the religious condition of that country.

Miss Webb's essay on Home Missions was to the point. She argued that, as Christ began His labors in His own country, He was the first home missionary, and when He said, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations," he did not expect us to forget our own country. She cited us to various points where Bible teaching was unknown.

The items of missionary intelligence that were related by the members were well chosen.

The Secretary reported that, during the month, forty dollars (\$40) had been sent to Mrs. Scott, Nowgong, Assam, and still the treasury was not empty.

Miss Briggs, Delavan, Wis.; Miss Miller, Franklin Grove, Ill.; Miss Montague, Lyons, Iowa, had remembered the society, and sent their dues. Miss Emma Philips sent one dollar to the society. Many thanks. We give again the list of officers elected at the February meeting, as an error occurred in the name of the Vice President.

President, Miss S. E. Spaulding.

Vice President, Miss P. Pollock.

Corresponding Secretary, Miss M. L. Grose.

Recording Secretary, Miss C. M. Gregory.

Treasurer, Miss L. Kimball.

Next meeting, first Monday evening in April.

OUR EXCHANGES AND OUR READING MATTER.

This may seem to our readers a trite subject, but justice to those who so liberally furnish both, demands an occasional notice. We published a list of our exchanges in December, amounting to about one hundred and sixty. Since that time, we have received some forty to fifty new ones, swelling our list to over two hundred. A few have seceded since Christmas. If caused by any neglect on our part, we will hope to make amends in the future, and have the pleasure of welcoming all back to their allegiance. We have not space to give such notice as we would wish to our numerous exchanges, and we presume it is not expected, as it is from the press.

The fact that the exchanges received are placed in the Students' Reading Room, where they become widely advertised to a large number of intelligent readers, and makes us to feel that we are not entirely wanting in courtesy to our publishing friends. We are confident that this kind of advertising is of more value, and will eventually give better remuneration to publishers who favor us, than the usual notices in local papers. We again tender our sincere thanks to all who remember *The Oread*, and assure them our influence as Oreads, as students, as publishers and as ladies shall continue for them.

OUR FINANCIAL MANAGER has been taking a vacation of two months, visiting various points of interest East. We have the promise of some reminiscences from that trip for our next issue, sufficient at least to give us some "personals," as quite a number of the old students and former teachers, now scattered through the different Eastern States, were visited. This will be of interest to the students. We do not promise a lengthy article, as our Financial Manager has too much business accumulated to devote much time to miscellaneous matter.

EXAMINATIONS.

Our classes in Latin are progressing finely under the thorough training of Rev. C. R. Kolver.

The class, consisting of Miss Alice Lichty, Miss Mary Mooney, and Miss Amelia Moor, completed Harkness' introductory work, and passed a fine examination a few days since. We mark on the scale of ten (10), and each pupil came out "perfect," and took the higher work.

Dr. Shimer's class in Hitchcock's geology were examined on the entire book. The following is the standing of each: Miss Eacker, 10; Miss Pollock, 9; Miss Rea, 8.

Our A class in intellectual arithmetic having completed the book, were subjected to an unusually critical examination. All who are conversant with the study know it to be one of the most difficult branches in the English course in which to be examined. The following course was pursued by the teacher: If a pupil was assisted in repeating a question, or in the solution, one was taken for the perfect mark, 10. If assistance was given in both, 2 was taken, making the average mark 8. All who fell below 7 were advised to review. The following standing we find on the teacher's class book:

Miss Hathaway.....	7.5	Miss Bucklin.....	6.25
" J. Smith.....	9.75	" Bosworth.....	9.25
" Mooney.....	9.6	" Estabrook.....	8.33
" Lichty.....	9.8	" A. Wick.....	8.5
" Vandripe.....	7	" S. May.....	9.75
" Stakemiller.....	7	" Herrick.....	6
" Tripp.....	9.6	" Mrs. Prout.....	9.75
" E. Deeds.....	9.25	" M. Swift.....	10
" Gunn.....	7.75	" Ruggles.....	9.75
" Knox.....	6.25		

OUR MUSIC STAND AND BOOK TABLE

Continue to groan beneath their burdens of new contributions. We regret that notices prepared are unavoidably crowded out. We will publish a long list of new music next month, and shall give the privilege to our musical subscribers to select therefrom SHEET MUSIC AS PREMIUMS with *The Oread*, in place of books. Meanwhile, we would recommend any one who wishes new, choice selections of music to send their orders directly to the publishers, and it will be promptly forwarded by mail. All may depend upon being honorably dealt with, by addressing either of the following—the nearest at hand—Root & Cady, of Chicago; S. Brainard & Sons, Cleveland, Ohio; or G. L. Peters, St. Louis and New York. For new books, after subscribing to *The Oread*, send to S. C. Griggs & Co., publishers, Chicago, Ill. First send to each for a catalogue and price list from which to make selections.

TO TEACHERS.

PLEASE READ our inducements to subscribe, and offers to persons raising clubs, &c. We will send school books of any kind desired, and teachers having a class to be furnished with any new text book, can thus readily raise a club for *The Oread* among his or her pupils and patrons. All teachers receiving this number of *The Oread*, will, we trust, avail themselves of the opportunity to secure text-books conveniently and reading matter as a premium. With energy on the part of a teacher, every school room might be readily furnished with a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, or a globe, or a set of charts or outline maps. TEACHERS, if you do not quite see how it is to be done, write to our Financial Manager, and say what you want, sending stamp for return letter, and you will get the desired information.

OUR PURCHASING BUREAU

Established some months ago, is still flourishing. Its object was to accommodate those who had been members of the institution and gone out to teach. So many queries are received from the old students as to the "best text-books," "best selections for libraries," "best school apparatus," "best musical instruments," "best gymnastic apparatus," &c., that we adopted this plan of answering the query by furnishing the article desired. We would now say, the favor will be extended to other teachers; those who have not been members of this school. Anything wanted in the line of articles above alluded to, or even *other* articles, particularly such as we are advertising in our paper, we will be happy to make their orders, or give the address of parties of whom the best articles and terms can be had. It is probable, however, that in most cases, we can save to purchasers a handsome per cent. in ordering for them, from the fact of our buying in large quantities, gives the benefit of a better discount than they can get on a single purchase. Send on your orders.

FINANCIAL MANAGER.

EXPENSES IN MUSIC AND PAINTING.—We have many students who come with us to devote their time exclusively to Music and Painting. This class of patrons naturally inquire if they are to pay the regular yearly rates, (\$176 per annum), which covers tuition in English studies. To answer this query, which we so frequently receive from applicants, we will explain:

Students entering for the *purpose of making the ornamental branches a specialty*, and taking no studies other than ornamental branches, will have the average price of tuition deducted from the \$176. The bill will be as follows: Boarding, room and furniture, fuel, lights and washing \$176, minus \$24, equal \$152. In addition to the \$152, will be the music or painting; practice with use of instrument, &c., at the regular yearly rates as given in circular on another page. If the attendance is *less* than a school year, ten per cent. is added to these prices. Some wish to make Music and Painting a specialty, and take one or two studies. Those who take one study, or any one of the general exercises of the school, as Penmanship, or Elocution, will pay one-fourth the price of tuition, which is \$6 per year. For two studies, one-half or \$12 per year. Students coming to make Music a specialty can bring their own instruments, if they wish to economize in expense.

THE GYMNASIUM CLASS.—Hitherto in the columns of THE OREAD, little mention has been made of the Gymnastic Class, trained by Miss Spaulding. Miss S., who is a pupil of the celebrated Dio Lewis, is a skilled and accomplished gymnast, and in every respect thoroughly competent for the position she holds. With a fine figure, commanding presence, and irrepressible enthusiasm, she possesses the happy faculty of impressing her own life and spirit into the souls of her class. Of course, the progress made cannot be otherwise than highly gratifying.

All who have ever witnessed the performances of a gymnastic class under the training of a competent teacher, are well aware that the exercises are, to the eye of a spectator, not only pleasant but beautiful.

The apparatus with which the class is supplied, is nearly new, and cost about \$250. The class exercises are open to visitors on every Friday afternoon, and are visited weekly with much apparent satisfaction. On a few occasions, also, exercises have been given in connection with the public meetings of the Oread Society, much to the gratification of the audiences. CARLOS.

AN apology is due one of the old students, Dr. John N. Crouse, of Chicago, for *not* purchasing the organ he ordered of us for his sister Alma. The order came just as our Financial Manager left for a trip east. As the Dr. was in a *hurry* for the organ to be forwarded, and as of course a two months' absence of Financial Manager was not conducive to a *hurry*, the instrument was not purchased. We would add, however, that our F. M. has returned, and is filling new orders for instruments with all possible dispatch.

PHRENOLOGY IN CHICAGO.—During the latter part of March and the fore part of April, the Publishers of the *Phrenological Journal*, New York, will occupy rooms in Chicago, where they will be happy to meet their Western friends.

FULL files of this paper can be found in New York, at the office of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row.

PERSONAL.

JUDSON CLARK, Dewitt, Iowa, writes, "I would like very much to see the old Seminary grounds again, and the teachers under whose care I became familiar with them. I hope ere long to tear myself away from business and make a flying visit in that direction."

CLARA V. SHAW writes from Minneapolis, Minn. She is engaged in coloring photographs for several artists, and is quite successful.

MOLLIE POPE, Sand Spring, Iowa, is an assistant pupil in a school near her home. She writes that Mr. T. N. Bowen is her teacher. Years ago in New York State, we had the privilege of being under Prof. Bowen's instruction. Well do we remember him. Our success as a teacher is largely due to his faithful training.

FROM Mrs. Burdick Libby's letter we learn that Miss Emma Philips, of Ottawa, is teaching at Hyde Park Seminary, near Chicago.

FROM the same source, we learn that Miss Amelia Lemen, Hastings, Minn., is still suffering from ill-health, and unable to gratify her ambition to teach.

MOLLIE E. MILLER, Franklin Grove, Ill., writes us frequently. She is as happy as ever, and is making herself useful in her father's store.

MRS. S. A. GREGORY GAFFIELD, Brooklyn, N. Y., is spending the winter at Nassau, New Providence, one of the Bahama Islands. In another column will be found a letter from Mr. Garfield. We trust he will find the boon he is seeking in the recuperative breezes of the sunny south.

FAIL TO EXPRESS MY OPINION.—Mrs. H. K. Whitford, of Elgin, Ill., in a recent letter, says: "I have seen many recommendations of your machine,—but those highest in its praise fail to express my opinion of its superiority over all others for family use. Mine has been in use over three years; has been used by my neighbors successfully, after a few moments showing; and has not been out of order once since I have have had it. The stitch is entirely satisfactory—never ripping, but remaining firm, till the garment is worn out. I would recommend the Wilcox & Gibbs in the highest terms, for extreme simplicity, quietness, and ease of operation,—and for the beauty, elasticity, strength and durability of its work."

2t3

THE Financial Manager of THE OREAD will send the *Saturday Evening Post* and THE OREAD, both one year for \$2.75, only 25 cents more than the *Post* alone.

2tf

A New Premium for 1870,

FOR

Subscribers to "The Oread."

THE WILSON SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. PRICE, \$40.



WE will give the Wilson Shuttle Stitch Sewing Machine, worth \$40 cash, as a premium for Forty new subscribers to THE OREAD, and to each subscriber we will give a premium of a cut of the Seminary Building and Grounds, printed on tinted paper, handsome size for framing.

The Wilson Shuttle is a Double-Thread First-class FAMILY MACHINE,

In every particular, although it is furnished at from \$15 to \$20 less than those of the old established companies. It is quite neatly and substantially made and finished, is simply constructed, and easy to operate, and has attachments for doing all kinds of work, we believe, that are performed by any other machine in the market. Such is a brief statement of facts in regard to what this machine is. It is well known that the old companies have been making enormous profits in the manufacture of their machines. The

Wilson Machine Company

Propose to manufacture only a first class article, and sell it at a price which affords a reasonable profit, and at the same time brings it within the reach of the poor as well as of the rich. And in view of our extraordinary facilities for introducing their machine, by instructing the public mind, and by dropping one here and there all over the United States, and thus, perhaps, leading to the establishment of agencies in many localities where it has not yet been introduced, the company has agreed to furnish our premiums at such a price as will make it profitable for us to offer the liberal terms above stated. Here, then, reader, is an opportunity for you, or some friend of yours, to obtain a very useful and valuable premium for, say, from two to four or five day's work, which would otherwise cost you \$40 cash. if

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Any person who has never been a patron of the Seminary, sending us the subscription price of

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which is \$1.25 or more, will receive the periodical, together with THE OREAD, one year. Thus, two papers may be obtained for the subscription price of one. Send on the subscriptions early. if

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AT

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"FINANCIAL MANAGER,"

and we will forward the book, postage free, and THE OREAD for one year. We care not what the book is, or its cost, we will furnish it as cheap as it can be had of the publisher by the single volume, and give THE OREAD with it. Our object is to secure the

Largest Circulation

OF ANY

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See Explanation in Another Column.

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Three sample Pens will be mailed for 10 cts. Address, WESTERN PUBLISHING CO., Indianapolis, Ind., Manufacturer's Agents.

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Will Stitch, Hem, Fell, Tuck, Cord, Bind, Braid, Quilt and Embroider Beautifully. It will, with the FINEST needle and thread, run from perfect work on the finest Nainsook, over the heaviest beaver cloth and cow-hide, with NO change of needle, thread or tension. It will use coarse cotton, linen, silk and twine. It runs easier, faster and stiller than any other machine. It forms a flat, even and elastic seam, differing from every other stitch, each loop being TWISTED by means of the "ROTATING HOOK," and drawing the twist into the goods, thus securely fastening every stitch, so that the seam will bear to be cut at frequent intervals, and in that case even, the seam is warranted NOT TO RIP in wear, and under all circumstances to "survive the washtub." Old, worn-out family garments, bosoms, pants, dresses, &c., have been submitted to committees at FAIRS where was the greatest competition, and to THIS STITCH premiums have been awarded for its SUPERIORITY, DURABILITY, ELASTICITY and BEAUTY.

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IT WILL NOT DROP STITCHES, as the needle is always set right, the blade short and straight, does not vibrate, like longer ones. They are MANUFACTURED WITH MATHEMATICAL PRECISION, hence, each part is interchangeable and can be readily replaced in case of accident. It will last a generation, if properly cared for. None who have used it can be persuaded to use any other.

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The press universally pronounce this the BEST FAMILY SEWING MACHINE IN THE WORLD. Whatever the merits of the other machines, it is no disparagement to say the Wilcox & Gibbs is worth, for family use, double that of any other ever offered to the public.

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This Veteran House (established in 1846) holds its rank at the head, and are now finishing every month hundreds of Organs and Melodeons, which are a just credit to American skill and enterprise.

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In attempting to describe the effect of this stop, we are at a loss for language; its beauties cannot be written, but must be heard to be appreciated. By this stop an ordinary performer can produce an effect which requires a lifetime of practice for an artist upon the Violin. It changes entirely the reed-tone, giving the sympathetic sweetness of the human voice, making it so melodious and pure that it never fails to enchant the appreciative listener.

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GENTLEMEN:—A year ago in January we commenced the publication of THE OREAD. The success that has attended the enterprise inspires us to attain still greater success. As the organ of a public institution, the *chief aim is to secure a large circulation*, though for the time it may not be a paying one. We have already a much larger circulation than the mass of papers of this kind, but we wish to double it in the next three months. As friends to the cause of education, we appeal to you for aid. What we ask, the small space in your paper, will cost you comparatively nothing. What we offer you, may, with right working up on your part, be made a source of quite a profit to you. This will be a clear gain—a net profit as it were, for this is the only way in which we can pay you for space and influence, excepting in the usual courtesies of the press. The advertisement we ask inserted is not long. If you accept our proposition, you will doubtless find it to your interest to give more space in editorials, or some standing notice of our paper, of your own “working up.” We feel confident that our paper has sufficient merit to make it a valuable premium to offer with your publication, and we believe that it cannot fail to largely increase your subscription-list. This will of course depend greatly on the importance you give to it in your editorial “working up” of premiums offered. We trust you may see your interest and ours so nearly one as to be willing to give the necessary space, time and thought to make it a complete success to us both. *Be so kind as to put THE OREAD on your exchange list for a year at least.* Truly yours.

FINANCIAL MANAGER
of the Oread Society of Mt. Carroll, Seminary.

TO ADVERTISERS.

THE OREAD, regarded simply as a school paper, is not likely to have a just estimate placed upon its value as an advertising medium. We would call the attention of advertisers to the fact that THE OREAD is far superior to the mass of local or county papers, and fully equal to very many city papers of much greater pretensions, for the following reasons: Our circulation is already double and treble that of the large majority of local papers; and circulates largely among our old students and patrons of the school, who number thousands, and are scattered in nearly every State in the Union. Our paper is in a form for binding, and is very generally preserved for future reference, while local papers are once looked over and thrown aside for waste paper. In addition to our regular issues we get out extra editions for gratuitous circulation, which of course go to different parties

every month. Our paper goes into the hands of those who rank among the very best class in the community. We are offering liberal inducements to subscribe, which we may reasonably expect to result in largely increasing our circulation. We make our terms of payment for advertising *very liberal and easy*. Any thing of value for our introduction for use in the school or boarding department, we will take in payment for advertising, and in this, parties interested have a double advantage, as any article in use in so public a place becomes *widely and successfully advertised in the use* as well as through the paper.

In view of all these advantages, we trust our already liberal patronage in this department will be largely increased, and as soon as the demand will justify it, we will enlarge our paper to meet the wants of all.

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OF THE

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It has sixteen quarto pages, and it is proposed to enlarge it soon. It is published monthly by the

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This compound is specially recommended for surgeons and physicians use, containing an ample proportion of the purest acids.

The toilet and bath soaps are put up in neat paper boxes, containing each three cakes, and are known as Medicated, Perfumed and Camphorated.

For circulars and price lists, address JAMES BUCHAN & CO., 190 Dearborn street, New York. 2tf

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Any person wanting a first class Sewing Machine, can get one of any manufacture advertised in this paper, by sending us one new subscriber to THE OREAD, and cash to the amount of four-fifths the manufacturers list price of the machine selected. For example:

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Sold at the manufactory for \$40, we will have shipped from the same, to the person sending us the name of one new subscriber, with \$32 cash.

A WILCOX & GIBBS',

Worth \$80, for \$64.

A "WEED" MACHINE,

Worth \$65, for \$52.

A CABINET,

\$105 for \$84.

THE LEAVITT MACHINE,

In same ratio.

FINANCIAL MANAGER.

FREE.**The Weed Sewing Machine.**

Any number that may be desired, prices ranging from \$65 upwards, can be furnished to getters-up of clubs at 20 per cent. off the manufacturer's prices. For example:

A new \$65 Weed Sewing Machine will be sent direct from the general agency in Chicago, for a Club of 52 subscribers at \$1.25 each, amounting to \$51.25. To each subscriber will also be given a premium of the large Lithograph of Seminary and Grounds. The subscribers, in every case must be new ones and never have been patrons of the seminary. The getter up of the Club may be or have been a patron. If

FREE.**A WILCOX & GIBBS'
SEWING MACHINE,**

One of the best makes in the market—manufacturer's price, \$80, will be sent, new, direct from the manufactory, to any person sending us a club of fifty-nine subscribers to THE OREAD, at \$1.25 each, amounting to \$73.75. To each subscriber in the club will also be given a premium of the large Lithograph of the Seminary and Grounds. Let all who want a Sewing Machine at a bargain, address

FINANCIAL MANAGER.

The getter up of the Club may be or have been a patron of the school; but every subscriber must be a new one and never have been a patron of the school. If

Premiums to Agents.

To any person sending us a club of FIFTY names for books and THE OREAD, we will give a premium of \$5.00 worth of books of any kind he or she may select. For a club of One Hundred we will give a premium worth \$12, of anything the agent may select, either of books or other articles. Send for list of books for premiums, inclosing stamp to the FINANCIAL MANAGER.

J. BAUER & CO., Piano Manufacturers.



Also, General Agents for the

COLD MEDAL, WM. KNABE & CO.,

And other First-Class

Piano Fortes.

CARHART & NEEDHAM

AND

B. SHONINGER'S

ORGANS and MELODEONS

Manufacturers, Importers and Jobbers of

BAND INSTRUMENTS.**STRINGS,**

And Every Description of

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE.

WAREROOMS:

650 Broadway. 69 Washington Street,
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We beg to call the attention of Dealers our large and well selected stock of Musical Merchandise, from the very first European houses, just received, which we are offering at greatly reduced prices. 5

MT. CARROLL SEMINARY



F. A. W. SHIMER & GREGORY,

PRINCIPALS AND PROPRIETORS,

MT. CARROLL, CARROLL CO., ILL.

This Institution was Incorporated by Legislative Enactment, A. D. 1852.

In May, 1853, a school was first opened under the charter by Miss FRANCES A. WOOD (now Mrs. SHIMER) and Miss C. M. GREGORY. From that time to the present, it has continued without interruption in charge of the same Principals. The first Term opened with eleven pupils, and closed with forty. Since that time the numbers in attendance and the prosperity of the Institution have been constantly increasing, till it has obtained a position truly enviable, and second to no similar one in the West. *Two additions have been made to the original building, one in 1857, and one in 1866 and '67.* The last addition has not only largely increased the accommodations, but with the changes in the original building, the character of the accommodations are greatly improved, the rooms for students being much larger and more convenient.

The Institution has a delightful site, containing twenty-four acres, located in the city of Mount Carroll, Carroll County, Illinois, ten miles from the Mississippi River. The Western Union Railroad passes through the place, opening direct communication East, *via* Freeport to Chicago, and West, *via* Savanna, the nearest point on the Mississippi River, to all points North or South, thus making the place easy of access.

BOARD OF INSTRUCTION.

FRANCES A. WOOD SHIMER, } PRINCIPALS.
CINDARELLA M. GREGORY, }

HENRY SHIMER, A. M., M. D.,
Higher Mathematics and Natural Science.

REV. C. K. COLVER,
Languages and Phonography.

M. L. GROSE,
English Literature and French.

M. J. JEWETT,
Higher English Branches.

S. SPAULDING,
Assistant in English and Gymnastics.

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC—Piano, Organ, Guitar, Thorough Base, Vocalization and Vocal Music,

B. F. DEARBORN, Principal,

M. S. HUBBELL, } ASSISTANTS.
S. SPAULDING, }

M. BURT,
Drawing Painting, Crayons, &c.

W. BRANCH,
Assistant Pupil.

Mrs. F. A. W. SHIMER, Financial Manage.
Mrs. H. J. GARDNER, Matron.
Miss ELLEN ESPIE, Housekeeper.

CALENDAR, &c.

The Fall Term of the Seventeenth School Year opened September 16th, 1869, and closes December 22d.
The Winter Term of the " " " opens January 3d, 1870, and closes April 6th.
The Spring Term of the " " " opens April 7th, 1870, and closes June 10th.

Annual Examination, Commencement Exercises, Students' Re-union and Vacation as follows:

The 17th Annual Examination will begin June 6th, 1870, and end June 9th
The Annual Exercises of the "Students' Re-union," June 10th, A. M.
The Annual Commencement Exercises, June 10th, P. M.

Summer Vacation, from June 11th to September 17th.

Winter Vacation, from December 23d to January 2d

N. B.—For Expenses and other particulars of the School, turn to the preceding page of this paper.